

MARVEL
COMICS



OCT
#380

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CHICHESTER
WEEKS
CAMPANELLA

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!®



THIS ISSUE:
BOOM!

LW
98



LAST NIGHT,
11:02 P.M.

NEW YORK, NEW
YORK. ON THE
HUDSON.

CLOSE
YOUR
EYES.

LOOK AT THE
CITY THE WAY
A BLIND MAN
SEES.



THE SCRAPING
GRIT OF RUST.

SEAWATER SALT, DRIED
AND FINE AND CRUMBLY.

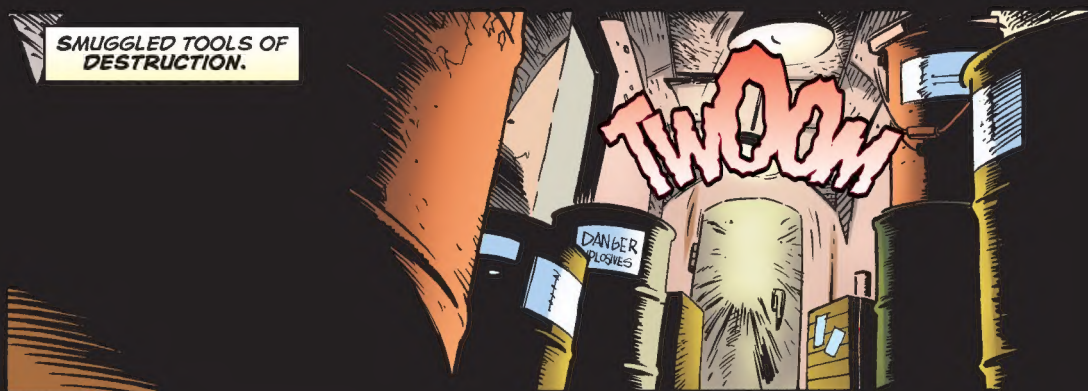
SPILLED VODKA
FLAVORS THE AIR,
THE TASTE OLD
AND RANCID.

AN ELECTRIC HUM
FROM DOWN BELOW,
SPARKING-SAVAGE.

THE HARD, CRUEL
STINK OF CHEMICALS
MADE TO KILL.



SMUGGLED TOOLS OF
DESTRUCTION.



A FUSE THAT'S
ALWAYS LIT.



BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE
MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

AS MATT
MURDOCK RECOVERS
FROM HIS ADVENTURE IN PARIS,
STAN LEE PRESENTS
A TALE FROM DAREDEVIL'S PAST.

JUST ONE GOOD STORY

BY D.G. CHICHESTER AND LEE WEEKS

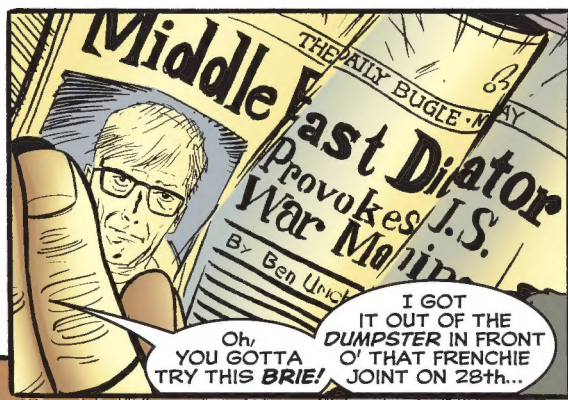
ROBERT CAMPANELLA INKS

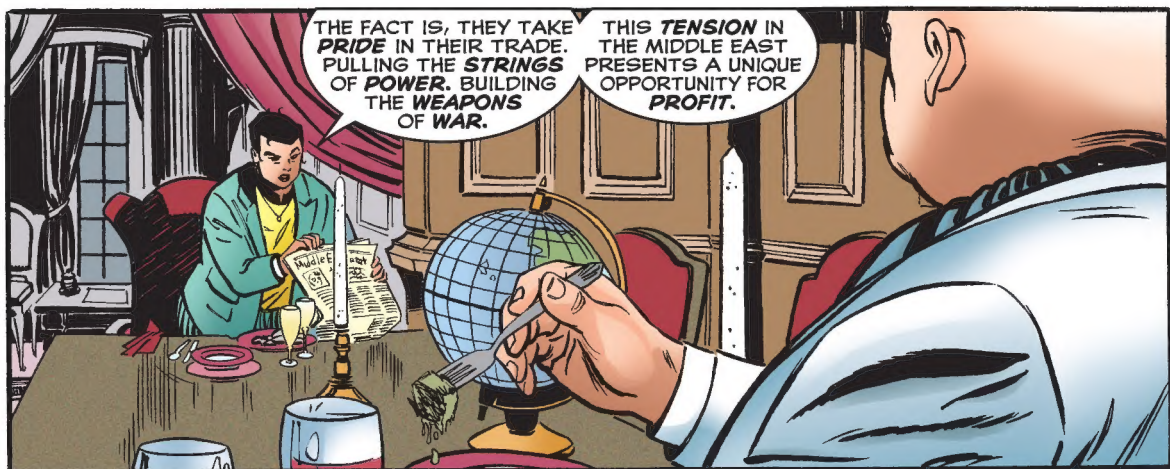
SCHEELE AND LAUGHLIN AND BERNARDO COLORS

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT'S LIZ LETTERS

TIM TUOHY EDITOR BOB HARRAS EDITOR IN CHIEF

DEDICATED
TO
ARCHIE GOODWIN
FOR BEING
EVER GENEROUS IN
SHARING MORE THAN
A FEW GOOD STORIES
OF HIS OWN.





THE FACT IS, THEY TAKE **PRIDE** IN THEIR TRADE. PULLING THE **STRINGS** OF **POWER**. BUILDING THE **WEAPONS** OF WAR.

THIS **TENSION** IN THE MIDDLE EAST PRESENTS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY FOR **PROFIT**.



BUT THE **START** BUTTON ON THE **WAR MACHINE** HAS A TENDENCY TO STICK. IT REQUIRES OIL. A CATALYST.

OR SIMPLY A **SCAPEGOAT**.

I DON'T KNOW WHY ANY OF THIS SHOULD INTEREST ME, MISS PORTAL.



I'M ONLY A **SPICE** MERCHANT.

AND A **HUMBLE** ONE, AT THAT.

EXACTLY WHY WE'VE COME TO YOU, Mr. FISK.

WE NEED SOMEONE TO... **SPICE** THINGS UP!



WE'RE PREPARED TO PAY HANDSOMELY.

A **KINGPIN'S** RANSOM, YOU MIGHT SAY.

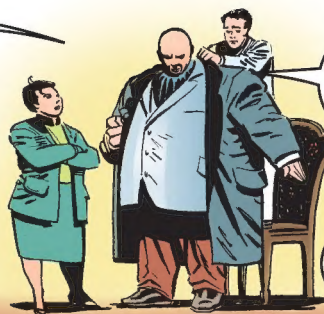
DO I
APPEAR
BELOW THE
POVERTY LINE
TO YOU, MISS
PORTAL?

N-NO,
Mr. FISK! OF
COURSE -- OF
COURSE NOT! I-I WAS
MERELY TRYING TO
EXPRESS OUR
GENEROSITY.

WHY
DON'T WE
CONTINUE THE
EVENING'S
SPIRIT OF
HONESTY?

I HAVE **NO**
NEED OF YOUR
GENEROSITY.

INDEED, IT
IS YOU THAT
DEPENDS ON MY
GENEROUS
NATURE.



C-CERTAINLY! IF I
OFFENDED --

YOU'D
ALREADY BE
DEAD.

THE **PUPPETEERS** YOU
WORK FOR LIKE TO PLAY
AT "POWER BROKER"?
LET'S SEE HOW FAR
THEY STRETCH THEIR
STRING.

I...KNOW THAT
SHIP -- THE PROPHECY.
ITS **CARGO** COMES
FROM EACH OF
THE **SOVIET**
STATES.

LETHAL
PRODUCE.

THE KIND OF
WEAPONS THE
LEADERS OF THE
PEOPLE'S REVOLUTION
SIGNED TREATIES
PROMISING THEY'D
NEVER BUILD.



A SHIP SET
TO SEA THREE DAYS AGO,
REGISTERED IN ST. PETERSBURG,
CREWED BY MEMBERS OF THE
SO-CALLED **RUSSIAN MAFIA.**

Mr. FISK, I'M NOT
AUTHORIZED TO
MAKE THAT KIND
OF **OFFER** --

DON'T PRESUME IT'S
A REQUEST, MISS
PORTAL.

AND
DON'T DARE
DISAPPOINT
ME.

THANK
YOU FOR
DINNER. IN TRUTH,
THE MEAL WAS
A BIT BLAND...

...BUT I'M
SO PLEASED
I COULD
ADD SOME
SPICE!





FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, MANHATTAN.

"TERRORISM."

THE PROSECUTOR SPITS THE WORD.

"THIS ISN'T A CONCEPT ANY-MORE, PEOPLE, NOT SOME FAR-AWAY HEADLINE.



"HE'S MADE IT PAINFULLY REAL FOR US. 27 BODIES REAL. THIS 'MAN' -- MORE LIKE THIS ANIMAL!

"PARLAN FARHOODY HAS NO RESPECT FOR OUR WAY OF LIFE -- AND NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE.

"HE'S A KILLER. MURDERING IN THE NAME OF **ABNORMAL**, SAVAGE BELIEFS...AND HE'D GLADLY DO IT AGAIN!



"LOOK AT HIM -- EVEN NOW, HE CAN BARELY HOLD IN HIS RAGE!"

"STAY CALM."

THE VOICE **ISN'T** SOOTHING.

IT'S STERN-WRY-STORMY. A **RECKLESS** SAY-YOUR-PRAYERS SIGN-YOUR-WILL-BEFORE-CROSSING-IT KIND OF VOICE.

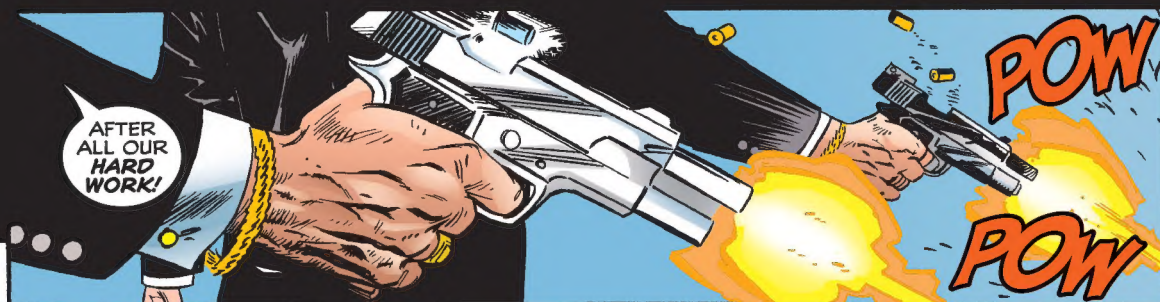


THE ATTORNEY WITH THE VOCAL ATTITUDE IS **MATTHEW MURDOCK**.

KNOWN IN LEGAL CIRCLES TO BE SOMETHING OF A **DAREDEVIL**.

"YOU'LL GET YOUR DAY IN COURT. I SWEAR..."







THREE WEEKS AGO.
SILVERTONGUE'S GENTLEMEN'S CLUB, MANHATTAN.

WHAT'S THIS JOB COMIN' UP?

I DON'T KNOW. SOME PROBLEM PETE LONDON WANTS BURIED...

I'M SO PLEASED YOU'VE ACCEPTED MY INVITATION --

ANYONE KNOW WHEN BABS GOES ON?

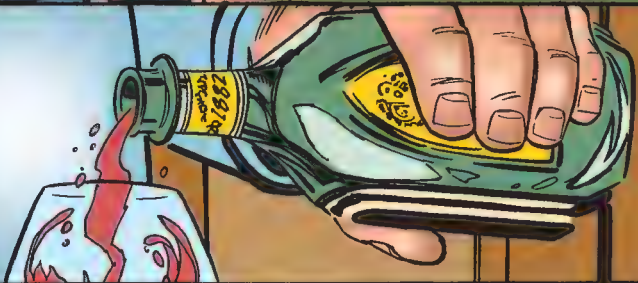
-- TO SAMPLE A TASTE OF MY CITY'S... ENTICEMENTS!

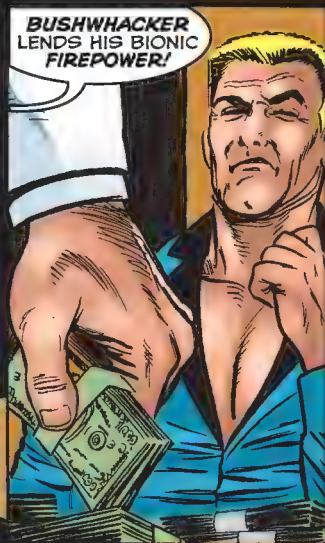


YOUR REPUTATIONS SPEAK OF A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF GIFTS.

ANARCHY... EXTORTION... MURDER!

SUCH TALENTS DESERVE TO BE REWARDED!







TODAY. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, MANHATTAN.

TENSION IN THE COURTROOM'S ALREADY RUNNING HIGH.

MATT MURDOCK'S LEGAL STRATEGY IS TO TURN THE HEAT UP EVEN MORE.

"LET'S LOOK AT PARLAN FARHOODY," MURDOCK SUGGESTS, **HARSH** AND ON THE ATTACK. "**NOT** THAT WE WANT TO,"

NOW THE VOICE IS SLY, THE TONE CONSPIRING.

"HIS FACE -- STRANGE... **ALIEN!**

"HE PRAYS TO A **GOD** MOST OF US **NEITHER** KNOW OR CARE ABOUT!

"HE **EATS** THINGS WE THINK **AREN'T** FIT FOR A **DOG...**

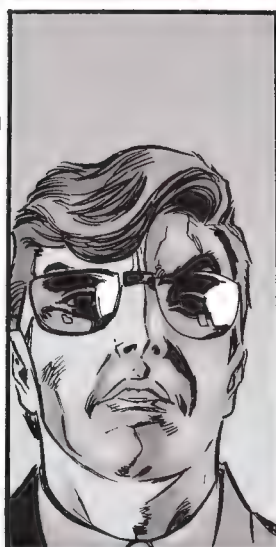
"...**DESERT FLAVORS** THAT SWEAT THROUGH HIS SKIN.

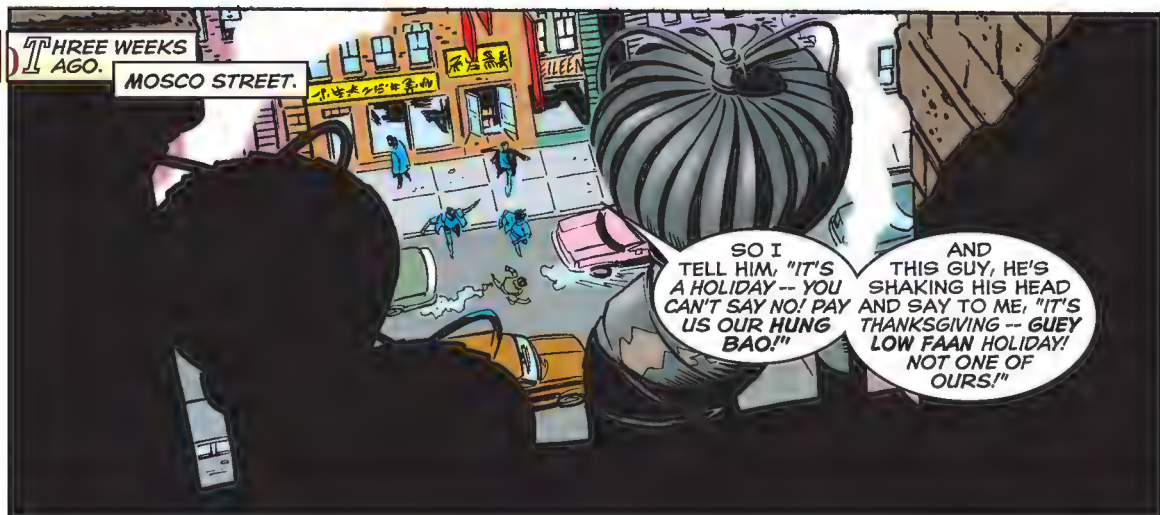
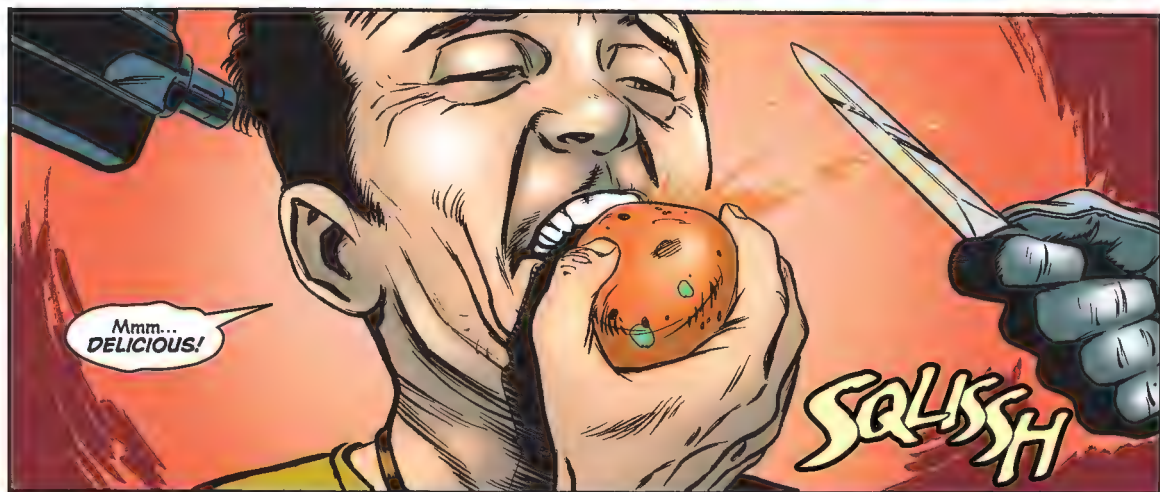
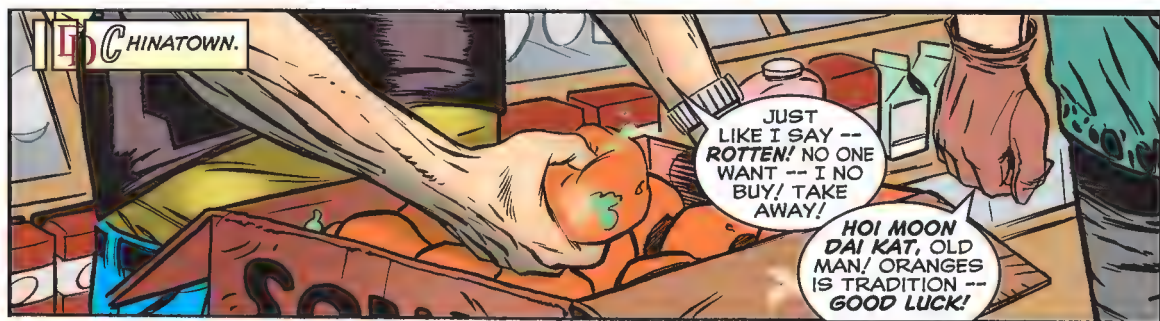
"ALL THESE THINGS... THESE ARE WHAT WE **SEE** WHEN WE **LOOK** AT PARLAN FARHOODY.

"THEY'RE FOR **CERTAIN** WHAT THE **PROSECUTOR** WANTS YOU TO SEE.

"AND **NONE** OF THEM MUST **MATTER.**

"BECAUSE **JUSTICE** IS **BLIND.**"

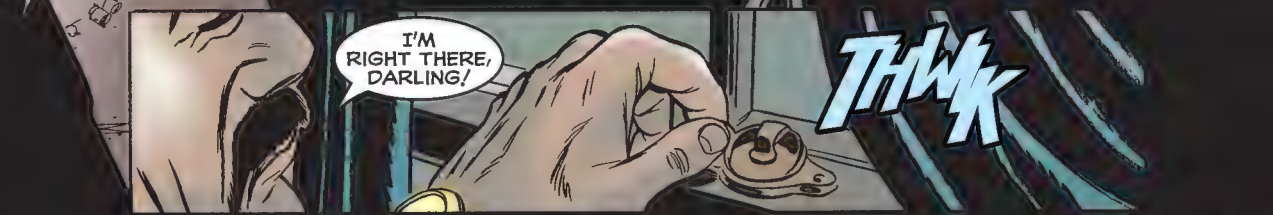






I HAD TO ADMIRE THOSE STONES, EVEN WHILE I WAS CUTTING HIM...

PARLAN... COME TO BED!



I'M RIGHT THERE, DARLING!

THW



I THOUGHT I HEARD...



KLIK

...NEVER MIND...IT'S NOTHING!



SNIT

SNWT

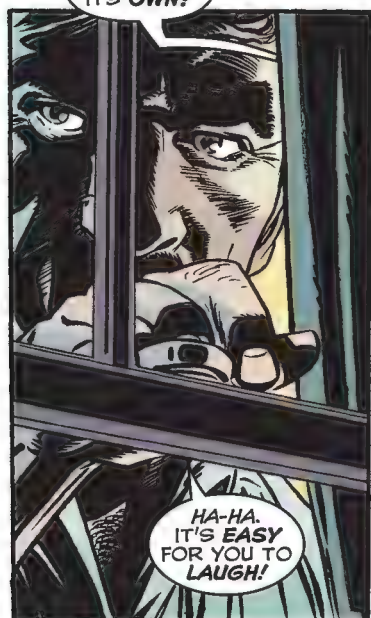


YOU NEED YOUR REST, PARLAN...



...THE
INTERVIEW'S EARLY
TOMORROW!

I
KNOW...BUT
I JUST CAN'T
SLEEP IF I
DON'T --



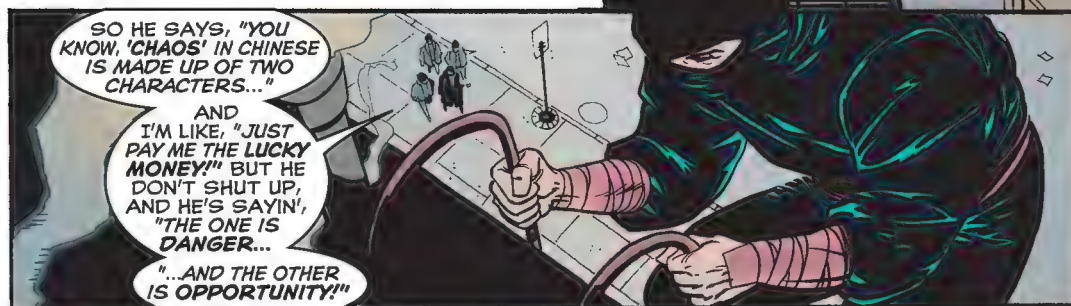
IT WON'T
UNLOCK ON
ITS OWN?

HA-HA.
IT'S EASY
FOR YOU TO
LAUGH!



ME, I'VE HAD THIS
FEELING ALL DAY LIKE
SOMETHING **TERRIBLE**
WAS GOING TO
HAPPEN!

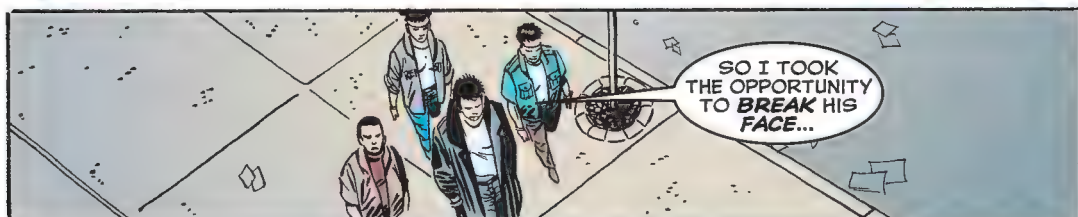
PRETTY
SILLY, Huh?



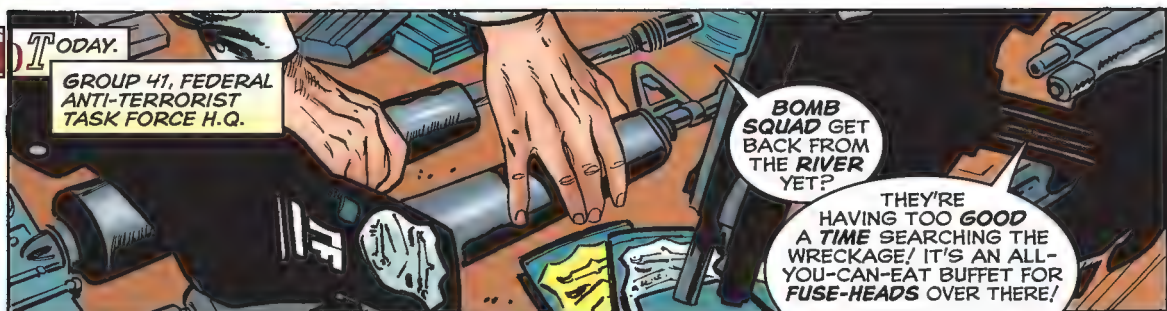
SO HE SAYS, "YOU
KNOW, 'CHAOS' IN CHINESE
IS MADE UP OF TWO
CHARACTERS..."

AND
I'M LIKE, "JUST
PAY ME THE **LUCKY**
MONEY!" BUT HE
DON'T SHUT UP,
AND HE'S SAYIN',
"THE ONE IS
DANGER...

"...AND THE OTHER
IS **OPPORTUNITY!**"



SO I TOOK
THE OPPORTUNITY
TO **BREAK** HIS
FACE...



FEDERAL COURTHOUSE.

"MY ASSOCIATE, MR. NELSON, IS SHOWING YOU A CHART --"

SOTTO VOCE.
"EVERYTHING OKAY, FOGGY?"

A WHISPER BACK. "I FORGOT THE SCREWS AT LUNCH BUT -- YOU DON'T EVEN NOTICE THE WOBBLE, MATT! NOT TO WORRY..."

AGAIN TO THE JURY. "A CHART THAT PROVES THE FIBERS FOUND AT THE CRIME SCENE DID NOT ARRIVE THERE BY CHANCE."



"YOU HEARD TESTIMONY FROM DR. TRICIA SOLARO, THE FORENSIC EXPERT WITH THE FEDERAL ANTI-TERRORIST TASK FORCE...?"

"...DR. SOLARO, HOW CAN THE PROSECUTION POSSIBLY CLAIM THIS SO-CALLED 'EVIDENCE' CAME FROM MY CLIENT'S APARTMENT?"

"BECAUSE THEY'VE MADE A CARELESS MISTAKE!"

"THE FIBER ENDS WEREN'T BROKEN NATURALLY, MR. MURDOCK -- THEY WERE CUT! THIS MATERIAL WAS REMOVED FROM MR. FARHOODY'S RESIDENCE DELIBERATELY."

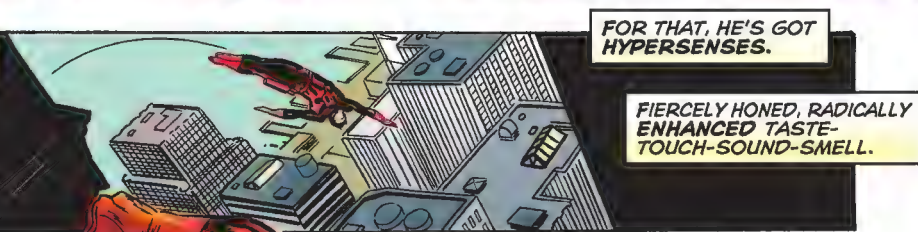
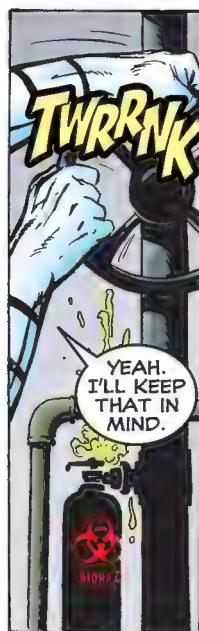
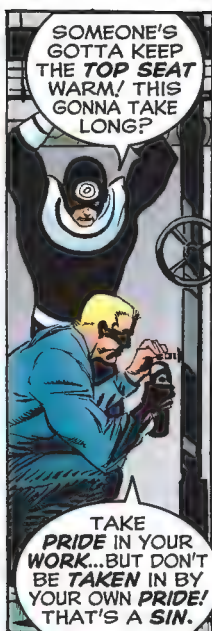
"THANK YOU, DOCTOR. SOUNDS TO ME LIKE THE PROSECUTOR'S CASE JUST CAN'T CUT IT!"

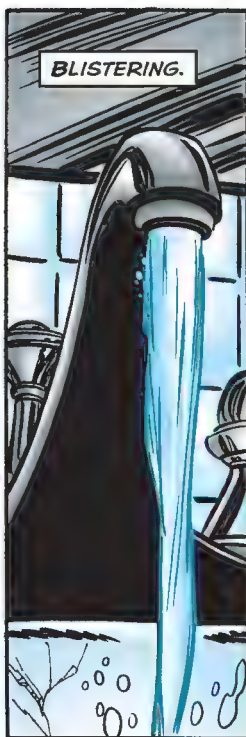
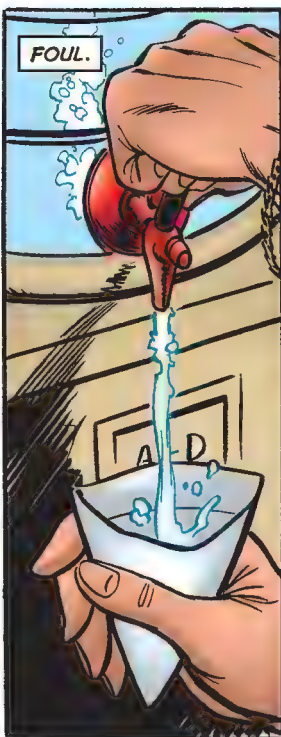
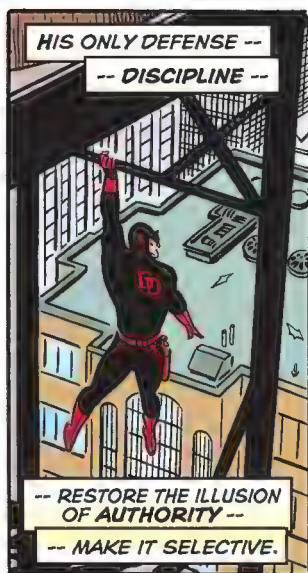
"YOUR HONOR -- OBJECTION!"

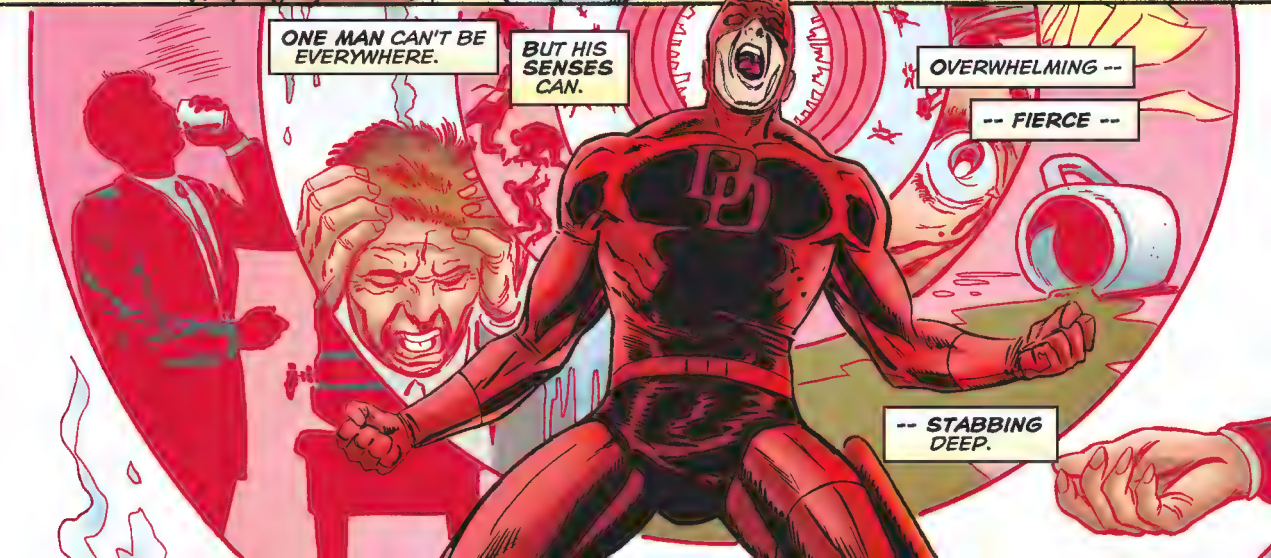
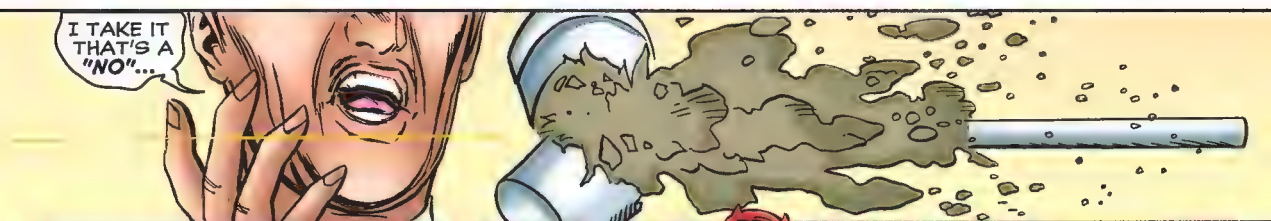
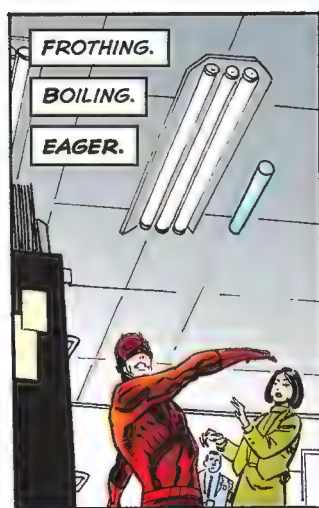
"WITHDRAWN..."











HER TEMPERATURE
FLARES, SCORCHES.

MUSCLES GO
SOFT -- ROTTEN --

-- BREAK APART --

-- BREAK
OPEN --

-- SPILLING COPPER-
SCENTED BLOOD
AND SLICK LIFE.

JUST AS QUICK SHE'S GONE --
TEMPERATURE DIVING --

-- CRASHING --

-- DEVASTATING
AND FINAL.



REPORTS
CONTINUE TO
STREAM IN FROM
GOVERNMENT
PLAZA --

-- PERHAPS
AS MANY AS
TWO DOZEN DEAD,
WITH MORE THAN
THAT NUMBER
CRITICALLY --

-- LIVES SAVED
BY THE QUICK
INTERVENTION OF
DAREDEVIL --

-- A SELFLESS
UNION OF E.M.S.,
S.W.A.T., AND HAZMAT
TEAMS HAVE
CONVERGED --

WE NEED
TO TALK,
RED...

I'M IN
NO MOOD FOR
A Q&A, MALPER...
EVEN WITH A
FEDERAL
D.A.!

THEN
AGAIN...HOW
IS IT YOU'RE ON
THE SCENE SO
QUICK?

POLICE

SUBURBAN
RESCUE SQUAD

GROUP 41
GOT A TIP-OFF TO
A TERRORIST ATTACK --
PROBABLE MIDDLE
EASTERN
INVOLVEMENT!

HYPERSENSES AGAIN.
EVERYWHERE.

AN ECHO OF WELL-
KNOWN AND HEARTLESS
HEARTBEATS.

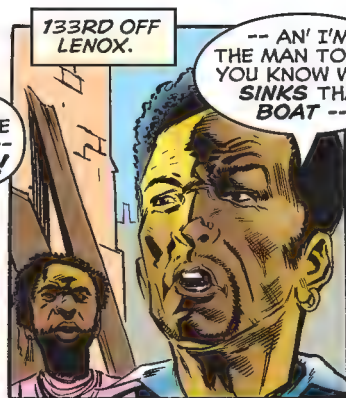
THE BRUTAL SCENT OF
OLD ADVERSARIES.

THAT
INFO COULD
BE WORTH
JUST WHAT YOU
PAID FOR IT...

GOT
YOUR OWN
THEORY?

MORE LIKE A
VENDETTA.





FEDERAL
COURTHOUSE.

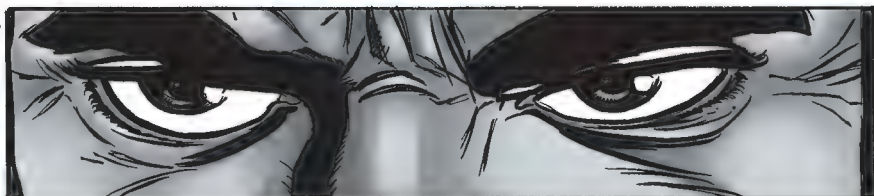
"WHY DID I TAKE ON
THE DEFENSE IN THIS
CASE. SIMPLE ANSWER:
BECAUSE I **KNOW**
PARLAN FARHOODY
TO BE **INNOCENT**.

"THAT'S NOT ENOUGH,
THOUGH. THERE HAVE TO
BE **FACTS**. FACTS WHICH
I'VE SHARED WITH
YOU TO USE AS YOU
DISCOVER THE **TRUTH**.



"JUST REMEMBER THAT
SOME **TRUTHS** ARE **MORE
TRUE** THAN **OTHERS**."

"IT'S **HUMAN NATURE**
THAT WE EACH **CREATE**
OUR OWN **VERSION**
OF THE **TRUTH**.

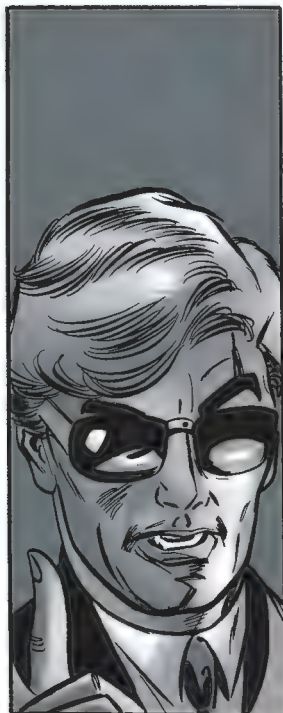


"BUT YOU NEED TO
FOCUS ON A **TRUTH**
THAT, SELF-EVIDENT
AS IT SHOULD BE,
CAN BECOME TOO
EASILY LOST.

"ALL **MEN** ARE
CREATED **EQUAL**,
ESPECIALLY IN THE
EYES OF THE **LAW**.

"AND YOU **OWE**
IT TO YOURSELVES
AND OUR **SYSTEM**
TO TREAT MY CLIENT
WITH **EQUALITY**.

"WITH
FAIRNESS.
AND WITH
JUSTICE
FOR **ALL**."



TODAY, HELL'S ANGELS CLUB-HOUSE.

THIS -- YOU GOTTA LOVE THIS! I'M TALKIN' THIS IS SO SWEET!

ALL THESE HARD-CASES, THEY'RE OUT ON THE WATER WITH THE REST OF THE SEWAGE...



LAST NIGHT.

-- AND THEN THE LADY SAYS TO THE GUN DEALER, "JUST 'CAUSE YOU'RE PACKING HEAT DON'T MEAN YOU'RE HOT STUFF!"

SPEAKING OF HOT, IT WAS SUCH A SCORCHER TODAY I SAW THE HUMAN TORCH... AND HE WAS SWEATING!

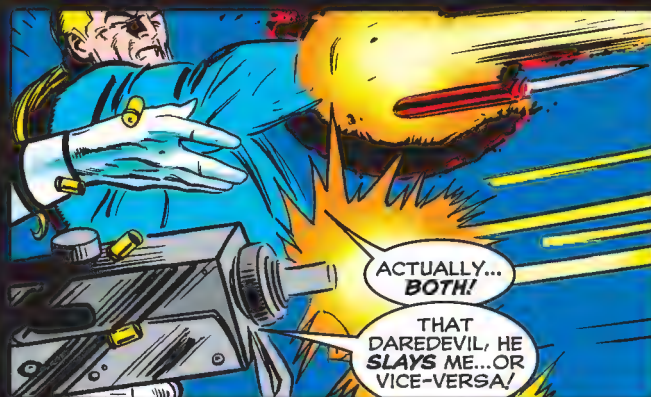
DON'T SWEAT IT IF YOU DON'T HAVE A PERMIT FOR ALL THIS FIREPOWER -- I'M SURE IT'S AN HONEST MISTAKE! I KNOW YOU BUNCH WOULD NEVER DO ANYTHING ILLEGAL!



HA HA HA HEH HEH



SO...IS THAT A PISTOL IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?

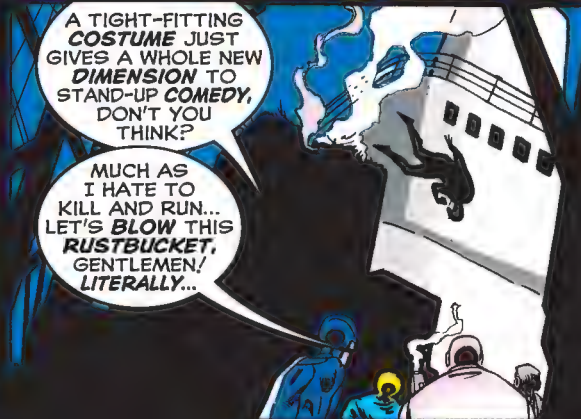


ACTUALLY... BOTH!

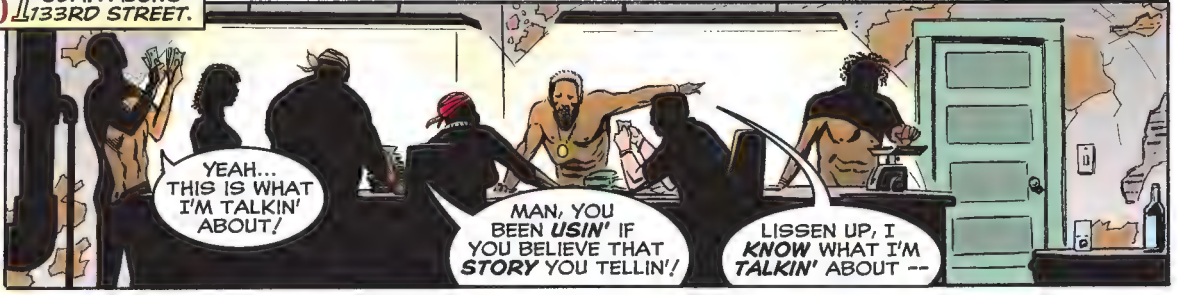
THAT DAREDEVIL, HE SLAYS ME...OR VICE-VERSA!

A TIGHT-FITTING COSTUME JUST GIVES A WHOLE NEW DIMENSION TO STAND-UP COMEDY, DON'T YOU THINK?

MUCH AS I HATE TO KILL AND RUN... LET'S BLOW THIS RUSTBUCKET, GENTLEMEN! LITERALLY...



TODAY. ALONG
133RD STREET.



YEAH...
THIS IS WHAT
I'M TALKIN'
ABOUT!

MAN, YOU
BEEN USIN' IF
YOU BELIEVE THAT
STORY YOU TELLIN'!

LISSEN UP, I
KNOW WHAT I'M
TALKIN' ABOUT --

LAST
NIGHT.



Oh
DANG!

FIVE-
Oh!

IT'S
DAREDEVIL!



DON'T
MAKE ME
HAVE TO
KILL YOU.



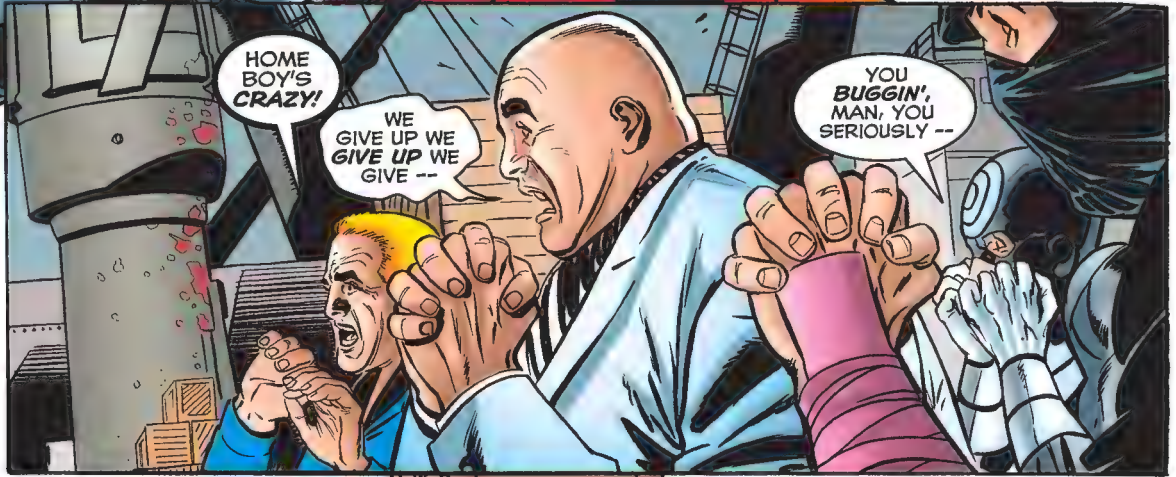
HE'S
MESSIN'
WITH OUR
HEADS...

CHILL.
LET'S TALK
THIS OUT
LIKE --

W-WORD.



DON'T
MAKE ME
HAVE TO
KILL YOU.



TODAY.
QUEENS.

-- SO
HE SAYS HE
CAN MOVE AS
MANY OF THESE
AS WE GIVE
HIM!

YO!
CHECK THIS
10-CHANGER
CLARION CD
PLAYER!

I'M
TRYIN' TO
TELL YOU ALL
A STORY
HERE...

LAST
NIGHT.

YO! CHECK
THIS AT-X-15
KRIZANTEMA, LASER
GUIDED WITH
A NUKE!

BRATROOM

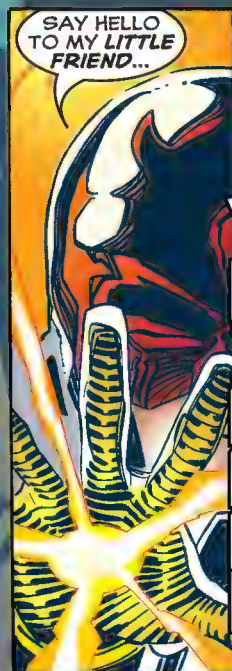
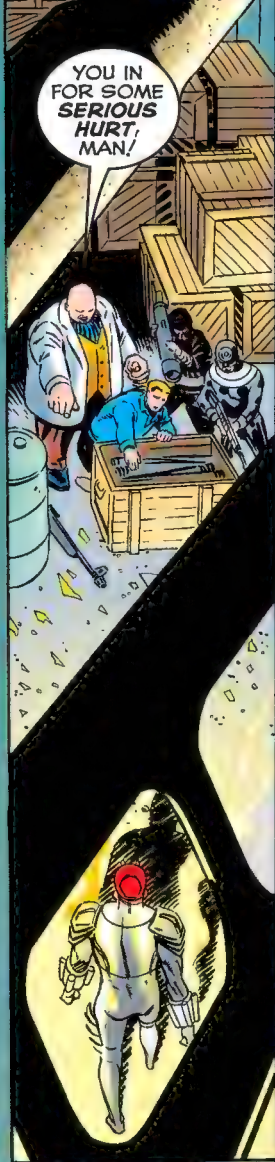
WE
BEEN FOUND
OUT!

BY THE
DAREDEVIL!

NOT
DAREDEVIL...
NOT
ANYMORE!

THE NAME'S
DEATHDEVIL!

AND I'M
HERE TO
SEND YOU
ALL TO
HELL!



TRAKATOON

THE DAILY BUGLE.

MY AGENT FIGURES MY ANGLE ON THE EXPLOSION IS GOOD FOR A **SIX-FIGURE** BOOK DEAL, EASY!

"DATELINE" WANTS TO INTERVIEW ME ON THE ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT -- ALL THAT CRAP IN THE RIVER! I CAN USE IT TO **GREASE** MY WAY INTO A CONSULTANT'S GIG.

KUK KUK KLAK KUK KLAK

I'M NOT SETTLING FOR **MOVIE-OF-THE-WEEK**, SVEN, NOT WITH THE ARTICLES I'M **WRITING!** THIS IS A **BIG-SCREEN** BLAST -- ARNOLD, WILLIS, LEONARDO!

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE.

IT'S IN HER OWN HANDWRITING. BUT EVEN AS SHE READS IT ALOUD, THE FOREPERSON CAN'T QUITE BELIEVE IT.

"WE FIND THE DEFENDANT **NOT GUILTY!**"

"THIS COUNTRY WAS ALL ABOUT A NEW START, Mr. MURDOCK -- FOR ME...MY WIFE... THE SON AND DAUGHTER SHE'S BLESSED US WITH.

"THEN, SO QUICK -- IT ALL SEEMED TO BE **OVER!** IT ALL SEEMED **AGAINST** US.

"EXCEPT YOU. YOU **BELIEVED** IN YOUR **SYSTEM**. YOU BELIEVED IN ME.

"YOU **GAVE** US BACK OUR **CHANCE**, MATTHEW. THANK YOU FOR HAVING **FAITH**.

"AND THANK YOU FOR **RESTORING** MINE."



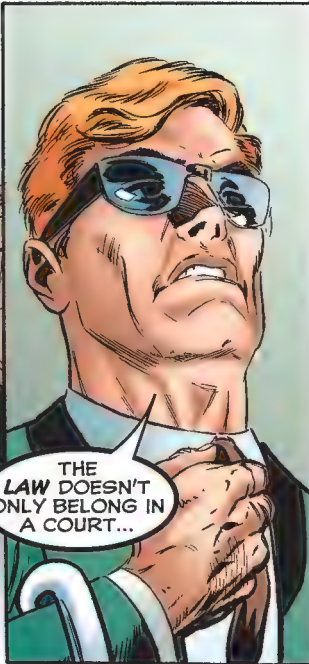
"YOU'RE A **PIECE** OF **WORK**, MURDOCK!" THE PROSECUTOR **SPITS** THE WORDS.

"DO YOU KNOW HOW **HARD** WE HAD TO WORK TO **PUSH** THIS TRIAL THROUGH SO QUICK?"

"AND FOR WHAT? YOUR **RECKLESS** GRANDSTANDING?"

"YOU **DON'T BELONG** IN A **COURT OF LAW!**"

THAT VOICE AGAIN. STERN-WRY-STORMY. SAY YOUR PRAYERS. SIGN YOUR WILL. **CROSS AT RISK.**



THE **LAW** DOESN'T ONLY BELONG IN A COURT...

NEW YORK NOIR...
by Ben Urlick

The reason I took up **SMOKING** was to have something that would **CLOUD** out the **STINK** of my publisher's cigars.



DOES ANYONE 'ROUND HERE **WORK** ANYMORE?!



YOU CALL THIS **REPORTING?! WHAT DO I PAY YOU PEOPLE FOR?! ULCERS?! I CAN GET THOSE FROM THAT WEB-HEADED MENACE FOR FREE!**

The city's currently dealing with another kind of cloud: **FALLOUT** from last night's explosion.

It's a blanket of **INTRIGUE**, hanging low and dark.

Never shy with an opinion, New Yorkers have plenty of ideas on how to **NAVIGATE** the murk.

Greed, politics, conspiracy, mirth, murder: they're all points on the **COMPASS**. And they all point to the **TRUTH**.

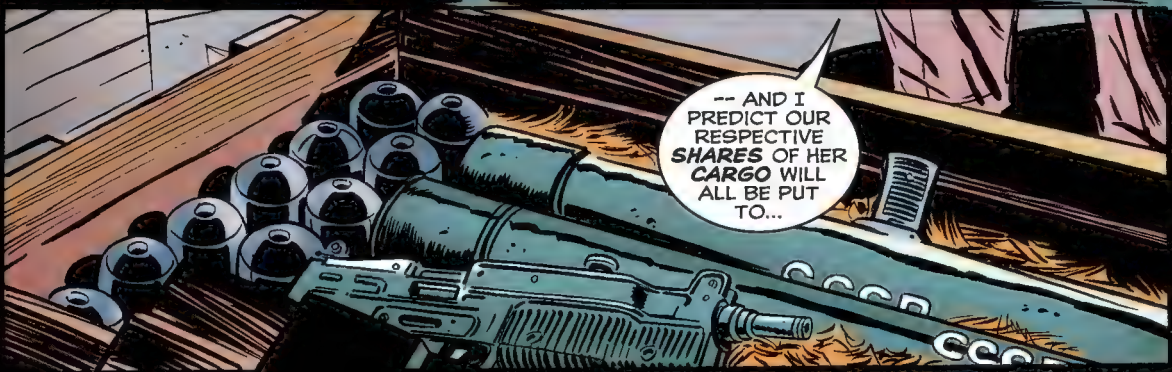
Of course, being a New Yorker, I've got my own **OPINION** about what it might be...

LAST NIGHT,
11:02 P.M.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.
ON THE HUDSON.



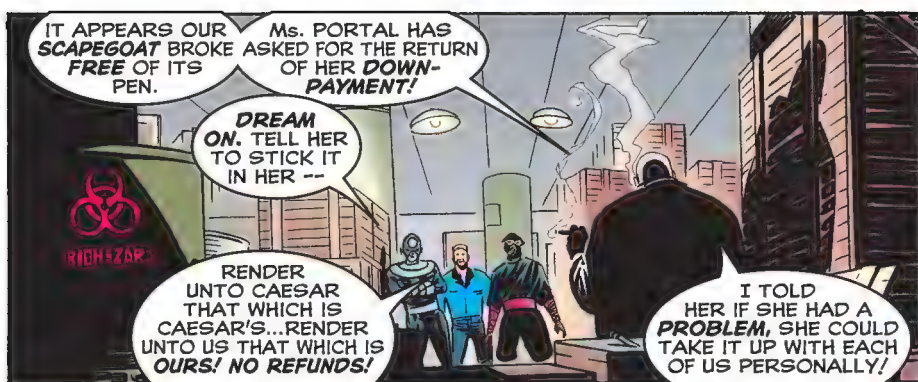
THE NAME OF OUR VESSEL ROUGHLY TRANSLATES AS "**THE PROPHECY**" --

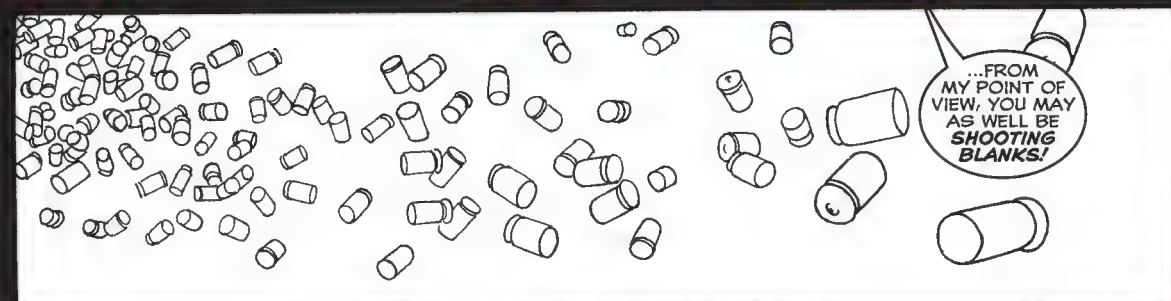
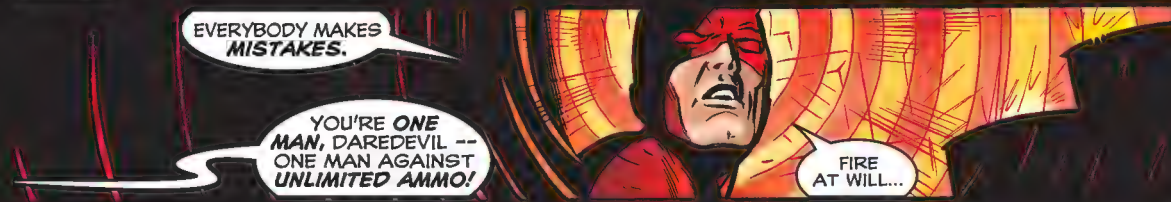


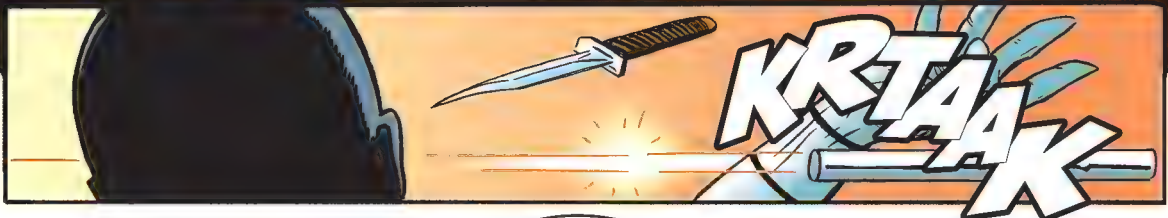
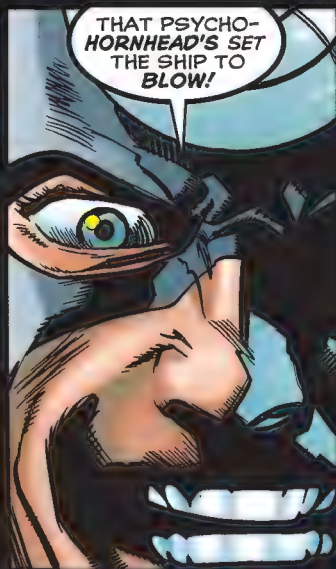
-- AND I PREDICT OUR RESPECTIVE **SHARES** OF HER **CARGO** WILL ALL BE PUT TO...

...GOOD USE!









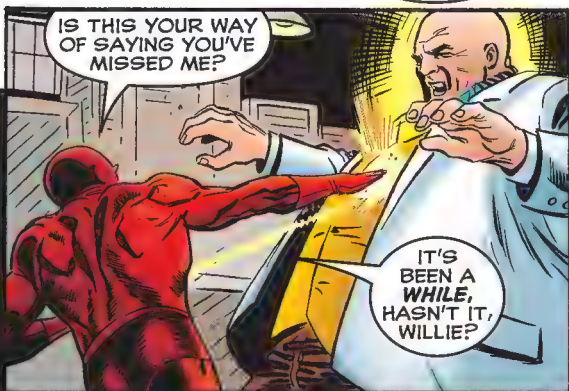


I ALLOWED
YOU YOUR LEGAL
VICTORY,
DAREDEVIL --

-- DON'T
PRESUME
THAT GIVES
YOU ANY
RIGHTS UNDER
THE REAL LAW
OF THIS
CITY!

DO YOU
KNOW HOW
HARD WE HAD
TO WORK FOR
THIS
PRIZE!

AND DO
YOU EXPECT
I'LL LOSE IT TO
YOUR RECKLESS
GRAND-
STANDING?

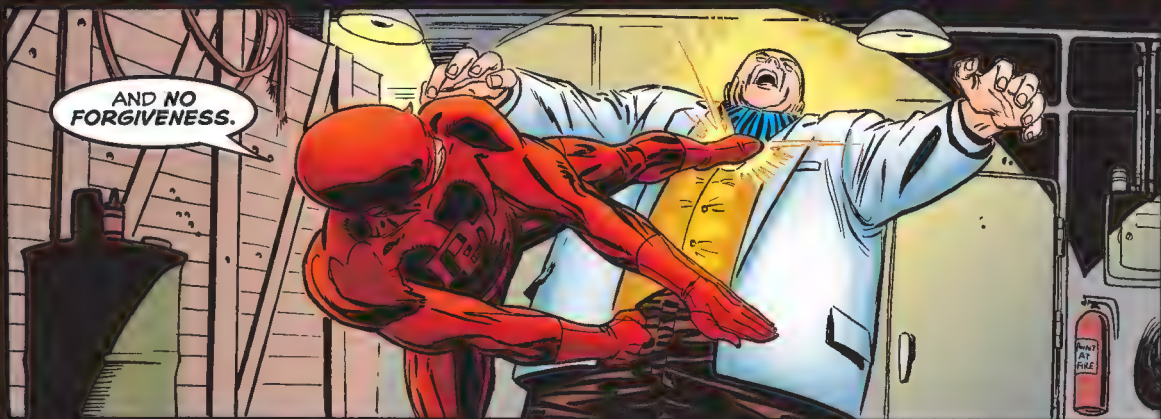


IS THIS YOUR WAY
OF SAYING YOU'VE
MISSED ME?

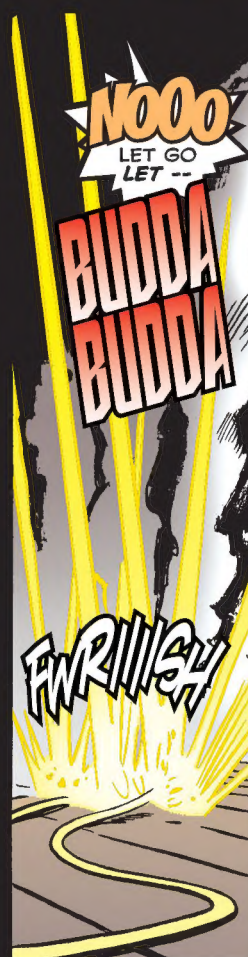
IT'S
BEEN A
WHILE,
HASN'T IT,
WILLIE?



BUT NO
SLOW DANCE
AROUND PORT
AUTHORITY
THIS TIME.



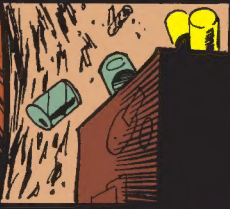
AND NO
FORGIVENESS.





YOU'VE --
YOU'VE HAD
YOUR **FUN**,
DAREDEVIL!

TWOOM



NOW **END THIS GAME!**
HOW MANY **FUSES** ARE
THERE? HOW DO
WE **STOP** --?!



I'M NO
KILLER...
... BUT YOU
MURDERED 27
MEN AND WOMEN.
YOU **TORE** THEIR
FAMILIES
APART.

I'M
NO SAINT,
EITHER.

BUT
MAYBE THERE
IS A **WAY OUT** OF
HERE FOR YOU AND
THE REST. IF YOU MAKE
IT, IT **WON'T** BE WITH
ANY OF YOUR
"**PRIZE**."

AND I **GUARANTEE**
IT **WON'T** BE
EASY.

YOU'LL
BLEED -- YOU'LL
SCREAM -- YOU'LL
BURN.

I **COULDN'T**
BE **HAPPIER**...
UNLESS YOU **LIVE**.
THAT'S EVEN
BETTER.

BECAUSE THEN
YOU'RE WHERE I CAN
KEEP **REMINDING** YOU OF
TONIGHT... AND YOUR
MISTAKES.

IT
LEAVES YOU
WHERE I CAN KEEP
THE **WOUNDS**
FRESH.

TWOOM

WHAT'S IT
GOING TO BE,
FISK? **DIE** HERE
LIKE A **COWARD**...
OR TAKE THE
RISK?



I
DARE
YOU.

FWRILSSH FWRILSSH
FWRILZZSSH



HELL'S KITCHEN.



M-MATT...

HELLO, MAGGIE.
KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS?



I CAN GET BETTER DIRT FROM MY POTTING SHED. DO YOU FOLLOW THE HEADLINES?



NOPE. HURTS MY FINGERS.

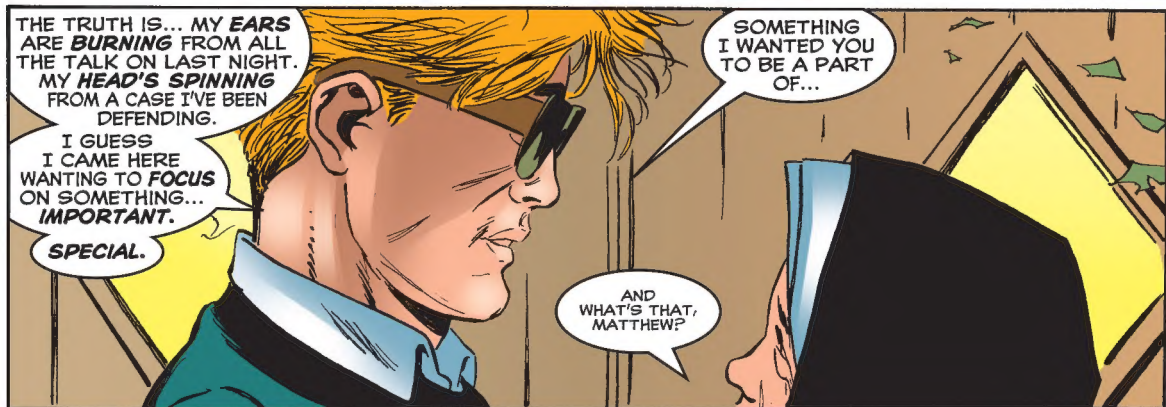
WHAT BRINGS YOU AROUND?



I DON'T KNOW. WHAT'S ON SPECIAL?

"FORGIVE ME, LORD, FOR I HAVE --?"

HAVEN'T WE ALL.



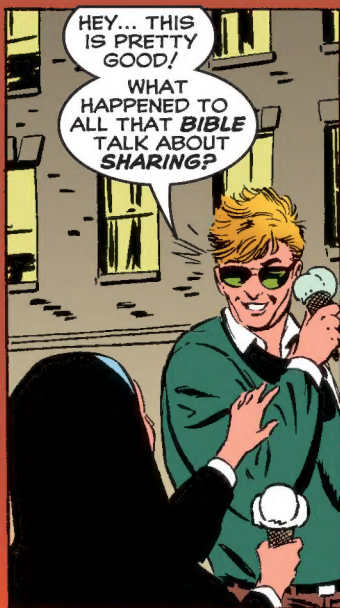
THE TRUTH IS... MY EARS ARE BURNING FROM ALL THE TALK ON LAST NIGHT. MY HEAD'S SPINNING FROM A CASE I'VE BEEN DEFENDING.

I GUESS I CAME HERE WANTING TO FOCUS ON SOMETHING... IMPORTANT.

SPECIAL.

SOMETHING I WANTED YOU TO BE A PART OF...

AND WHAT'S THAT, MATTHEW?



You want to know the TRUTH?

The GOOD GUYS don't always win.

But because of WHO they are, they NEVER STOP FIGHTING.

There's ALWAYS a DAREDEVIL willing to take a RISK on our BEHALF.

And in a CITY that NEVER SLEEPS, we can all REST EASY knowing we have that to protect us.

CHICHESTER & WEEKS '98